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NUMBER 34

THE New Banking Law is now in force and the payment of every dollar of deposits in this institution is guaranteed by the Bank Guaranty Fund of the State of Nebraska.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

Webster County Bank

RED CLOUD, NEB.

CAPITAL \$25,000

**STATE FAIR** SEPT. 21-26 1912  
**LINCOLN**  
*Aeroplane Flights DAILY*  
 THE ENTIRE CHEYENNE (WYO.)  
**"Frontier Days" Show**  
*Liberati's Band & Grand Opera Co.*  
**\$13,000 IN RACES**  
**WORTHAM & ALLEN SHOWS**  
 VAUDEVILLE NIGHT RACES FIREWORKS

**They Took Richmond For Ex-Congressman**

Nebraska's Democratic Nominee for Auditor Was Bullied Time Being Washington

Simplest Thing in World for Him to Palm Himself Off as Former Representative

Washington World-Herald Bureau, 1332 I Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., August 15.

Nebraska has an ex-member of congress who managed to dispense with the formality of being elected. He himself did not know it until he came to Washington.

As soon as Henry C. Richmond got to Washington he was recognized as an ex-member. Congressmen felt that somewhere, sometime, they had seen him. They could not recall from what district he came or from what state, but he had the front, the bearing and the check of the best of congressmen, and they accepted him.

It took Richmond a little while, just a little while, to tumble to what was happening to him. Then he was as happy as Mulvaney when the Hindoo brethren, according to Kipling, took him for the reincarnation of Krishna. Richmond began to avail himself of the privileges of an ex-member.

For what's the use of having a front so good that you don't need to say a word to have doorkeepers know and congressmen step up with a puzzled smile of recognition of their faces, if you don't use it?

First he wanted to see Congressman Lobeck, who was at his desk on the house floor. Only members, ex-members, doorkeepers, messengers and a few press association men are permitted the privileges of the floor, Richmond started in.

"Card, please," said the doorkeeper,

apparently puzzled. "Ex-member," said Richmond with a sober face.

In he went, chatted with Lobeck and escaped unscathed.

A little later, in the senate restaurant, Richmond met Senator Bailey. Bailey was all smiles. He remembered the ex-member quite well, but couldn't quite place him, don't you know. To abbreviate the tale, he was rehearsing in a short time the details of a visit with Richmond in Austin, although Richmond afterwards privately admitted he had never been in Austin in his life.

It was a triumphal tour. That grave face, which readily breaks into a smile, the straightened shoulders and rather portly region about the belt gave Richmond all the outward marks of an ex-member. He had a bully good time at playing the game imposed on him by innocent congressmen eager to greet a lame duck.

If Richmond makes half as good a race for auditor of the state of Nebraska as he made as an ex-member of the house of representatives, he will travel on the wings of the wind.

**Wedding Bells**

A quite home wedding was solemnized at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. E. J. Ducker Sunday evening. The contracting parties were Miss Edna Elizabeth Ducker and Mr. Emory H. Anderson of Burlington, Iowa. Rev. W. F. Cole was the officiating clergyman. The newly wedded couple left Monday morning for St. Louis, on their honey-moon and from there they will go to Indiana for a visit. Miss Ducker has lived here since childhood and is well known in this city. Mr. Anderson is a representative of a lumber company. They will make their home at Burlington, Iowa. The Chief along with their many friends wish them much joy and happiness over life's matrimonial seas.

**Horatio H. Waldo.**

Horatio H. Waldo, one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of Inavale, died Saturday morning at his home, and was buried Sunday afternoon in the Red Cloud cemetery.

Mr. Waldo was born in New York in 1831, and was, therefore, nearing the four score mark when death fell upon him as a shadow from a passing cloud.

In his early boyhood he removed to Iowa and partook of the lot of the pioneers of that now old settled commonwealth. He was married in 1867 to Mary Prince. She died two years later, leaving one child, Blanche. Four years later Mr. Waldo was married to Arabella Lyness. To this union four children were born, the first of whom, Clara, died in infancy. The sons Charles and Clarence have been for a number of years connected with the business interests and life of Inavale in a prominent way.

Mr. Waldo became a member of the M. E. church in 1890, and was active and zealous in the furtherance of all the moral and religious purposes for which the church stands in a community, until illness impaired his ability to do in accordance with his will. The people of Inavale feel that a moral force has been withdrawn from their midst in his death.

**Murder Committed at Campbell**

Monday Cole Bros' circus showed in Campbell and about 9 o'clock in the evening one of the laborers was found dead outside of the main tent. There were evidences of foul play found and the Coroner of Franklin county was in town and a jury of Campbell men were sworn in and held an inquest. It was shown that Arthur Eldridge, Superintendent of the show, was in the habit of using force with his men. Parker, the murdered man, had been drinking, and it is supposed that he had been hit a little too hard, as he had four or five bad marks on his head and face and had bled profusely. The jury brought in a verdict that Parker came to his death by wounds inflicted by the Superintendent and recommended that he be bound over to the district court charged with murder in the second degree.

**Be Sure and Read This**

For the first time in the history of the present management of the Chief we offer a clubbing list that is very attractive. We have had several opportunities to give our subscribers special inducements but we have never been in a position to get one that was really worth while until now.

Everyone knows that the regular subscription price of the Chief is one dollar and a half a year, same price to one and all. By taking a large block of subscriptions from several very worthy publications we are fortunate enough to offer for an extra twenty five cents five publications anyone of which is well worth the regular subscription price asked. In other words for one dollar and seventy five cents we will send you the Red Cloud Chief, the Nebraska Journal, the Household Magazine, The Weekly Capital, The Valley Farmer and a four page atlas map, all of them an entire year. This offer is good for new subscriptions or for renewals.

Since we cannot offer you this bargain for an indefinite time we urge you to look it over, call at our office and see these publications, and act at once. This is unquestionably the very best clubbing list ever offered and you cannot afford to miss it.

**The Odd Fellows Picnic** which was postponed on account of the rain, will be held on Labor Day, Monday, September 2nd. Program will appear later. Remember the date and make your plans to attend.

**Fred Maurer Writes.**

August 17, 1912.

Mr. Chas. Hale:—

Our Yellowstone party reached Denver in good cheer on the morning of the 6th. There we were transferred to the Colorado Midland Railroad and at Colorado Springs entered the mountains, passing on three sides of grand old Pike's peak, the central of the plains. The scenery on this trip is indeed very fine, the road-bed cut high on the side of the mountain in solid rock, with the bottom of the canyon hundreds of feet below.

After leaving the Pike's Peak region we entered the canyon of the South Platte river, on through Granite canyon, and at dusk passed Leadville, where we saw the highest artificial lake in the world, from which a supply of water is piped to Pueblo, 150 miles away, to furnish power for a great smelter. West of Leadville we crossed the continental divide, by way of Hell-gate, at an altitude of nearly 11,000 feet. Here a number of our party became sick because of the high altitude, but by morning were in good shape again.

At Provo we met our old friend Frank Studebaker, who lives at Elberta, about thirty miles distant.

Here we also saw Thad McNitt, who is in business at Provo, also two other Red Cloud people, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Cunningham. Dr. Cunningham also brought a large basket of fruit, of his own growing, to the train, which was distributed to all and greatly appreciated. Dr. Cunningham certainly has some fine fruit.

Early Thursday morning we reached Yellowstone, the west entrance to the park, where we had breakfast beside a roaring fire that felt as good as it ever did in winter.

Our party of 46 people were soon on their way through the park traveling in five four horse coaches. We passed through Christmases Drive, a beautiful forest of pine trees all along the banks of the Madison river, through the canyon of the Madison, to the forks of the river which is formed by the union of the Gibbon and the Fire-hole rivers. Here we followed the Fire-hole river and were soon in the region of geysers and hot springs. We camped two nights near the old Faithful mountain and were very fortunate in seeing all the great geysers in action. To my notion Old Faithful is one of the finest of them all. This geyser plays every hour and throws a great volume of water 150 feet in the air. On the top of Old Faithful mountain is an electric search light which plays on Old Faithful at night, furnishing a most wonderful sight.

During our stay we saw the Giantess, Bee-hive, Gotta, Riverside, Castle and many other geysers in action. We find people who have been waiting sixteen days to see what we were fortunate enough to see in two busy days.

We find that nearly everything here is named after the Devil. The Devil's Ear, the Devil's Ash Tray, the Devil's Pump, etc., and conclude that our party is on friendly terms with his Satanic majesty, else we should not have been favored by seeing so many noted geysers in action.

As we leave the geyser basin of the Fire-hole river we pass the Lone Star geyser also in action, then the Keeper cascades of the Fire-hole river. On top of the continental divide we pass Isa lake, from one side of this lake the water flows into the Pacific ocean, and from the other into the Atlantic. We camped high in the mountains and at night a roaring camp-fire is built and we all gather in a circle and sing and tell stories till a late hour.

We are called dudes and the people who take us and cook for us, are called savages. We had a tug of war between the savages and the dudes and defeated them, the first time in three years, they say, that they were ever defeated. Why we should be called dudes I do not know, as we are the commonest looking bunch you might care to look upon, but all tourists are called dudes.

At each of our camps so far several

bears and their cubs have come within fifty feet of our tents to get the rubbish and scraps from our camp. Today we reached lake Yellowstone and caught a fine bunch of fish, but these fish are not good to eat being diseased. All we have is the sport of catching them, but when we reach the Yellowstone river we will get fish that are good to eat.

This letter leaves us all well and happy and marveling at the wonders of nature.

Respectfully,

FRED MAURER.

P. S.—There is little chance to write as we are either on the move in the coaches, seeing sights, eating or sleeping.

**Notice to Public.**

My wife Fannie having left my bed and board of her own free will and without provocation, I hereby notify the public that I will not be responsible for any debts that she may contract from this date on.

JAMES P. MORANVILLE.

August 22, 1912.

**Wanted**

Some one to plow about fifty acres of land. Apply to C. L. Cotting.

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